

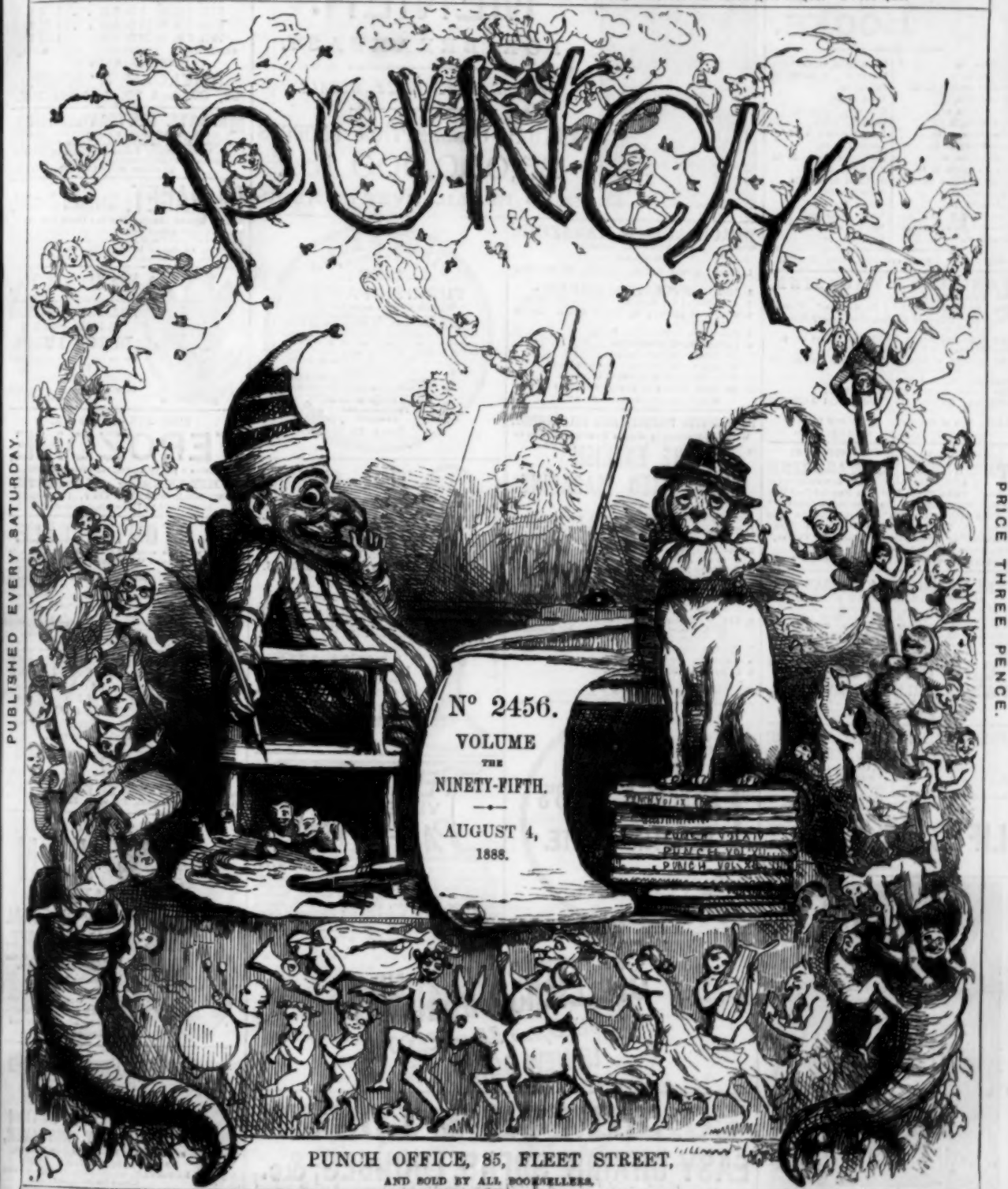
"A Pictorial Key  
to the  
History of the  
Queen's Reign."

PALL MALL GAZETTE.  
BRADBURY, AGNEW & CO.,  
3, & 5, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

On August 3rd will be published, price 15s., the THIRD VOLUME of

# MR. PUNCH'S VICTORIAN ERA.

Being the fifty years of the Queen's Reign (1837-1887) as reflected and illustrated in the "Punch" Cartoons. With a Descriptive Narrative. The complete work makes three fine royal quarto volumes, each with a Frontispiece Portrait, containing quite 1,000 Cartoons, elegantly bound, with gilt edges. Price 42s.



PRICE THREE PENCE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

## Apollinaris

The filling at the Apollinaris  
Spring during the year 1887  
amounted to 11,894,000 bottles.

## BLACK'S Guide Books.

Brighton, 1s.  
Buckham, 1s.  
Channel Islands, 2s. 6d.  
Charleston, 1s.  
Cornwall, 2s. 6d.  
Derbyshire, 2s. 6d.  
Devonshire, 2s. 6d.  
Dorsetshire, 1s. 6d.  
England, 10s. 6d.  
English Lakes, 2s. 6d.  
Gloucestershire, 2s. 6d.  
Guernsey, 1s.  
Hampshire, 2s. 6d.  
Hereford, 1s. 6d.  
Ireland, 2s.  
Isle of Man, 2s. 6d.  
Isle of Wight, 1s. 6d.  
Jersey, 1s.  
Kent, 2s. 6d.  
Lancashire, 2s. 6d.  
Leicestershire, 2s. 6d.  
London, 2s. 6d.  
Nottinghamshire, 2s. 6d.  
Oxfordshire, 2s. 6d.  
Scotland, 2s. 6d.  
Somerset, 2s. 6d.  
Sussex, 2s. 6d.  
Wales, 2s. 6d.  
Warwickshire, 2s. 6d.  
Westmoreland, 2s. 6d.

Edinburgh: ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK.

### LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,

AUGUST. Price SIXPENCE.  
Eve. By the Author of "John Herring." (Cont.)  
The Shortcomings of English Elementary Schools.  
By J. H. Yousell.

Last Time and Next. By Charles Walter Boyd.

The Wolves. By John Phillips.

The Storage of Life as Sanitary Study. By  
Dr. H. W. Richardson.

Beauties. By D. J. Robertson.

The Mince. By Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt.

Orthodoxy. By Dorothy Gerard, Joint Author of  
"Heads." (Cont.)

At the Sign of the Ship. By Andrew Lang.  
London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & CO.

New ready (Sixpence). New Series, No. 82.

### THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

For AUG., containing among other articles of  
interest "Who Wrote Dickens's Novels?" "Two  
British Pilgrimages in the Nineteenth Century"  
"The Peak of Tenerife"—"Hot Winds"—"The  
Home of Turkish Tobacco"—and "A Life's  
Morning," by the Author of "Demons," "Thyrs,"  
&c., Chap. XV. and XVI.

London: SWEET, ELDER, & CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

### THE MATRIMONIAL HERALD AND

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE GAZETTE is the  
original and only recognized medium for High-Class  
Introductions. The largest and most successful  
Matrimonial Agency in the World. Price 3d., in  
envelope, 4d.—Address Editor, 25, Lamb's Conduit  
Street, London, W.C.

### "OUR NEIGHBOURS."

PARTRIDGE & COOPER,  
"THE" STATIONERS,  
192, FLEET STREET.

### JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS'

PIANO-FORTES  
are the perfection of touch, tone, and durability.  
18, 20, and 22, WILMORE STREET, LONDON, W.  
Illustrated 1 sets post free.

### LIFTS

LUGGAGE, PASSENGER, &c.  
For HOTELS, MANSIONS, &c.  
DINNER and INVALID LIFTS.

CLARK, BURNETT, & CO., Ltd.,  
RATHONE PLACE, W.

### NORTHERN

FIRE LIFE

ESTABD 1836

### ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICES  
LONDON & ABERDEEN

ACCUMULATED  
FUNDS 1888 £3,421,000.



## CHOCOLAT MENIER.

FOR BREAKFAST.

AWARDED 32 PRIZE MEDALS.

ANNUAL CONSUMPTION EXCEEDS  
25,000,000 lbs.

SOLD RETAIL EVERYWHERE.

### MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

For AUGUST. Price 1s.

CONTENTS

1. Straining the Silken Thread; by Goldwin  
Smith.

2. John Campbell Shairp; by Lord Coleridge.

3. A Ballad of the Armada; by Russell Hoad.

4. Gaston de Latour; by Walter Pater. (To be  
continued.)

5. Gibraltar; by Harold A. Perry.

6. Confessions of a Gardener.

7. Sir Francis Doyle's Poetry.

8. Oresay; by Bret Harte. Chapters I.—II.

9. Translations from Horace; by Uffell.

10. On Some Letters of Keats; by Sidney Colvin.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

### POST-OFFICE PARCELS AND TELEGRAPHS.

With Illustrations by HARRY FURNISS, appears in

### THE ENGLISH

### ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

For AUGUST.

Profusely Illustrated, 6d.; by post, 8d., contains—

1. The Parish Clerk. After Gainsborough. Frontispiece.

2. The Patagonia. In Two Parts. Part I. By  
Henry James.

3. A Rugby Rumble. By H. A. Newton. With  
Illustrations.

4. Family Portraits. By R. J. Verman.

5. Post-Office Parcels and Telegraphs. With  
Illustrations by Harry Furniss.

6. The Mediation of Ralph Wardlaw. Chap.  
XXXVIII.—XL. (continued). By Professor  
W. Minto.

7. The Old Tryst. By Morley Roberts.

8. Memories. By R. A. Alexander.

9. Et Cetera. By H. D. Traill.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

### MAPPIN & WEBB'S

### ELECTRO PLATE



### TIME-CHECKING MACHINES.

The EXACT Time Employees  
arrive and leave recorded.

NO OVER-PAYMENTS.

NO ERRORS.

NO DISPUTES.

ABSOLUTE ACCURACY.

GREAT ECONOMY.

Indicating, Counting, and Clock-  
work mechanism a specialty.

Illustrated Catalogue and Testi-  
monials on application.

When inquiring price, state how  
many to be checked.

LLEWELIN MACHINE CO.,  
BRISTOL.

### PERRY DAVIS'

### VEGETABLE

### PAIN-KILLER

Get a bottle to-day of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-  
KILLER, the Oldest, Best, and most widely-known  
Family Medicine in the World. It instantly Relieves  
and Cures Severe Colds, Burns, Sprains, Rheuma,  
Toothache, Headache, Pains in the Side, Joints,  
and Limbs, and all Neuragic and Rheumatic Pains.  
Any Chemist can supply it at 1/4 and 2/6 per bottle.

## TRELOAR'S SHETLAND CARPETS.

9 ft. 0 in. by 7 ft. 6 in. . . £1 15 0  
10 ft. 0 in. by 9 ft. 0 in. . . 2 7 0  
12 ft. 0 in. by 9 ft. 0 in. . . 3 17 0  
13 ft. 0 in. by 9 ft. 0 in. . . 3 2 0  
13 ft. 0 in. by 12 ft. 0 in. . . 3 10 0  
15 ft. 0 in. by 12 ft. 0 in. . . 4 15 0  
SEAMLESS. BORDERED. ALL WOOL.  
ORIENTAL PATTERNS.

TRELOAR & SONS,  
68, 69, and 70, Ludgate Hill.

### MARGATE-CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL

On High Cliffs facing sea. The best and  
healthiest Hotel in Margate. Table d'Hôte, 10  
shillings. Lawn Tennis. Under entirely new direction.  
Telegrams—"CLIFTONVILLE."  
Manager, HENRY R. WILKINS.

### DR. PACET, Surgeon Dentist,

445, Strand (Facing Charing Cross Station).

Dr. PACET'S American method of FILING TEETH  
without PLATES or PAINFUL, also by atmosphere  
pressure, explained in the Illustrated Pamphlet,  
post free. Consultations daily free from 10 till 1.

### Van Meerbeek & Co.,

NURSERYMEN and FLORISTS,  
KILLEGOM, near HAARLEM  
(Holland), growers of  
DUTCH BULBS.

Goods delivered free to desti-  
nation in Great Britain.

No packing charges.

Orders respectfully solicited  
before September.

### THE AIR-PURIFIER,

### TEROZONE,

diffuses a purifying and refreshing perfume.

WHITAKER & GROSSMITH,  
22, SILK STREET, CITY, LONDON.

1s. 6d. Sold by Chemists, &c., or direct.

### TO STOUT PEOPLE.

SUNDAY TIMES says—"Mr. Russell's aim is to  
eradicate, to cure the disease, and that his treat-  
ment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The  
medicine he prescribes seems far lower, yet more  
UP AND TONIC THE SYSTEM." Book (116 pages) with  
recipe and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure  
Obesity (average reduction in first week is 5 lbs.),  
post free 3 stamps.

F. C. RUSSELL, Wolcott House,  
Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

### SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

Universally acknowledged the best remedy  
for affections of the

THROAT, CHEST, AND LUNGS.

They are specially recommended by our  
greatest Medical Authority,

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

whose testimonial is affixed to each box.

Of all Chemists at 1s. 1/4, or Post Free for 6  
stamps, of SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES CO.,  
10, DYER'S BUILDINGS, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

### THE

### Y & N

### PATENT

### DIAGONAL

### SEAM CORSET.

Will not split in the seams  
or tear in the fabric.

Regulate Model.

Perfect Comfort.

Guaranteed Wear.

THREE GOLD MEDALS.

Sold by all Druggists and  
Ladies' Outfitters.

### COLT'S

### DOUBLE-ACTION

### ARMY REVOLVER,

as supplied to H. M. War Department.

COLT'S SINGLE-ACTION ARMY  
REVOLVER, as adopted by the United  
States Government.

COLT'S "FRONTIER" REVOLVER takes the Colt and  
Winchester Magazine Rifle Cartridge, .44 Cal.

COLT'S HOUSE REVOLVER, POCKET REVOLVER,  
and DEERING, for the Vest pocket, last quality  
only. Colt's revolvers are used all over the world.

COLT'S DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOT GUNS and  
LIGHTNING MAGAZINE RIFLES, for India and  
the Colonies. Price List free.

COLT'S FIREARMS Co., 11, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

## STREETERS' DIAMONDS

MOUNTED from £5 to £5,000

18 NEW BOND ST., W.

## COLLINSON & LOCK'S EASY CHAIRS, SOFAS, LOUNGES, &c.,

OF GRACEFUL FORMS, TASTEFULLY UPHOLSTERED  
IN OLD AND MODERN STYLES.

An immense choice on view at reasonable prices.

76 to 80, OXFORD STREET, W.



## HARRY ON ST. SWITHIN.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I'm down with rheumatics, and scrawls this 'ere letter in bed, With a elber as sore as Jemimer, and 'ammers at work in my 'ed.



Bloomin' nice state o' things for July, CHARLIE! Summer's 'ad me on the 'op, For a fellow must be a fair turmut to stand such a Season of Slop.

I 'ave seen a few mizzlyish ones, but my eyes and a band-box, dear boy! This bangs 'em to bits; it is somethink a teatotal frog might enjoy.

Rain? Bust it, the word isn't hadyquate now, and if Science would teach 'Ow to talk of our weather O.K., she must tip us some new parts of speech.

St. Swithin be jolly well jiggered! He's got me on toast, and no kid.

I'd been piling the dibs for a outing, and saved up a couple of quid,

So I jined a swell party of right 'uns who'd rented a prime four-in-'and,

For a tool down to Dorking by road, and, by Jove, we meant doing the grand.

If you'd witnessed the muster at HATCHETT'S, at ten-thirty sharp Toosday week, You'd ha' bust arf your buttons of, CHARLIE. It mizzled, a reglar damp reek, Like a cook-shop in Winter, my pippin; and as for our party, great SCOTT! You'd a swore as you never popped lamps on a funnier wropped-upper lot.

The top-coats and muckingtogs, CHARLIE, the rugs, and the hulsters with 'oods! For a party of Gents in July! Oh, I tell yer 'twas reglar good goods. Britons hout for a 'oliday? Bosh! North-sea pilots in shin-plaster suits, And Friars in brown bed-gowns, and Bobbies with tippets and double-soled boots!

That nickles hus more nearer like, CHARLIE. Yours truly was toffed up superb, In a thick boatmeal suit of splashed dittos; and as I stood there on the kerb, A puffing a prime Larynargar, my waterproof slung on my arm, I tell you I fetched Piccadilly, and worked on the gals like a charm.

Well, we took a nip round at the bar. Brandy neat was my tippie; sounds rum For the dog-days, old pal, I'll allow, but then dog-days is all a dashed hum. Lemon-squash is a capital lotion when Summer is fair on the job, But to lap lemon-squash on a hieberg is shivery work, s'help me Bob!

Well, we started. Oh, CHARLIE, that ride! Which yours truly ain't sugar or salt, To melt in a shower; we packed close, liquored up every time we'd a halt; Puffed sputtering cigars like dashed chimneys, or asphalter's cauldrons, and yet We couldn't keep in any warmth, nor we couldn't keep out any wet.

Tried to joke, my dear boy, but each wheeze, like the weather, was watery and dull;

I had a toon hup on the 'orn, but I made jest the muckiest mull, Couldn't squeeze out one fair sisirary; and when there's a rowdedow round, 'ARRY 'ates to be out of the 'unt, as you know by this time, I'll be bound.

Hutter frost, my dear boy, and no heror, that run down to Dorking by road, And next day I was doing a doss with rheumatics as bad as be blowed. This mucky mix-up they call Summer! The Seasons are 'aving a game, And that sloshy old squirter, St. Swithin, they tell us, old pal, is to blame.

St. Swithin! He's wus than Sir WILFRID, His whack's forty days and no more, But he's now like Old Joe in the song, for he kicks up behind and before. He has spiled the whole Season this year, for he's drowned both June and July, And it's peltin' like fun as I write, although Orgust is now precious nigh.

Mucked Henley! My Houseboat—leastways I'd the run of it, CHARLIE, old pal, The Boss bein' BAGSHOT, the Booky, who hired it to please his new gal—Our Houseboat, the "Margery Daw," was as smart as they make 'em, no doubt,

But the spree gave yours truly the hump; it was jest one perpetual spout.

Couldn't do a lark round with the ladies or git a fair boss at a race.

Only wish I could spot old St. Waterworks; hang him, I'd sit on his face!

As to Wimbledon, well, that was wus. Wot's the good of the toppingest togs In weather like washing-day, CHARLIE, a season fit only for frogs?

As to cricket, oh, crimony crickey! It's muck, my dear feller—sheer muck! When McDONWELL, can't play Sussex "lobs," and when WALTER READ's done for a duck,

To squat on damp seats, doubled up like a cab-driver caught in a storm, May be wot Surrey mugs would call "sport," but I tell yer it isn't my form.

Lawn-tennis? Oh, turn it up—turn it up! Beastly to see pooty gals, With shiny black muckingtogs smothered, a-hiding their snappy fall-lals.

A trottin' about with damp raquets, their dear little noses all red,

'Anging round on the chance of a game, when they'd better be tucked up in bed, Why the great "Bounding Brothers" themselves, those top-sawyers at service and "smash,"

The RENTSHAWs, can't play in a puddle or mud-swamp with science and dash.

Saw them pull off the finals, wet-footed; fair cautions for pluck and for skill;

But WILL only seemed arf in earnest, and ERNEST scarce played with a will.

And here I am mugged up in blankets, and lapping a go of rum 'ot!

'Ow's yerself and the country, old 'ermit? I s'pose Teatotallers, tadpoles, and turmutas, may like this

Unlimited Slop, (barney will wosh. But don't call it Summer, dear boy, for I'm blowed if that

St. Swithin the snivelling old Spoil-sport is 'aving a Triumph, was luck!

But Bizness and Pleasure this season are ruined by Mizzle Oh, for Cheap Hemigration, my pippin! The very fust

cove it should carry To sunshine and dry-feet somewhere, should be yours (wot there's left of him),

'ARRY.

"GIVE YOU GOOD DAY."—By objecting to Mr. Justice DAY being one of the Special Commissioners, the Parnellites give their opponents the chance of reproaching them with not wishing to have the light of Day on their alleged dark secrets. Perhaps, after all, the Special Commission may be postponed *sine die*, without a Day.

## EXTREMES MEET.

(Musings of a Misanthrope, after reading the "Latest Foreign Intelligence.")

How bored these rambling Royalties must be!

A morning call, a Five o'Clock swell Tea,

Or other hollow "function" of Society,

Has as much vital interest and variety

As these parades where crown'd toff meets toff,

And HOHENZOLLERN bows to ROMANOFF.

Say I "drop in" on JONES and JONES's wife;

We bore each other nearly out of life,

And part much wearier, but nothing wiser.

Is it much different with CZAR and KAISER?

Mrs. JONES gives me tepid tea, a look

At her old Album or new Birthday Book;

The Russ the Teuton banquets when they meet,

Shows him his Army, and parades his Fleet.

Good Mrs. JONES and I contrive to chat

About my Tennis, or her Persian Cat;

I caring for her Cat, she for my Tennis

As much as a blind nigger might for Venice.

Teuton and Russ make after-dinner speeches,

And which the hollowest depth of bathos reaches

Might tax a cynic TALLEYRAND to tell.

They vow they love each other passing well,

(As I admire "dear Mrs. JONES's" tabby)

Whilst each laugh low the inward laugh of LADBY.

Mrs. JONES tells me that, upon her life,

She's pining for a sight of my sweet wife—

They're social rivals, and they love each other

As well, as WILLIAM loves his northern brother.

The Muscovite—or Swede, it matters not—

Drinks to the Teuton's health, talks royal "rot"

Concerning "bonds of friendship," and the traces

That bind in one fast "team" two rival races.

So their "agreement" is by bunkum ratified;

WILLIAM "smiles graciously," the CZAR "looks

gratified."

And Special Correspondents—wondrous creatures—

Who read, in passing smirks on Royal features

Imperial policy—proclaim aloud

Autocrat twaddle to the gaping crowd.

Well, all this smiling sham, this humbug solemn,

Ekes out an article, or pads a column.

But, mighty CZAR! how these great and gracious

"Forked radishes," these vagrant and voracious

Imperial Panjandrums must be bored!

I fell asleep at JONES's—nearly snored!—

But better tepid tea and twaddling tattle

Than bunkum-banquets which may lead to battle!

"Of course I see you're joking," said Mrs. R., with a knowing look, interrupting her nephew—who had just commenced reading aloud the title of a paragraph in a newspaper, "A University for Wales." "You can't take me in quite so easily. University for Whales, indeed? "And yet," she added, reflectively, "when I was in Cornwall, I heard them frequently speak of a 'School of Herrings.' So you may be right, after all."

A DUTCH FRIEND OF MR. GOCHEN'S.—Van Tax.



ST. SWITHIN TRIUMPHANT. THE RECORD OF A JOVIAL JULY.

"CHARGE, CHESTER, CHARGE!"—and, of course, Chester did charge, and pretty well too, for lodgings and hotel accommodation during the Festival. But not exorbitantly. The weather sent everything down, including prices. Madame NORDICA and GRACE DAMIAN in excellent form; when these two sing together it is specially good for the former, who sings with GRACE; and as these artists, with Messrs. LLOYD and SANTLEY, must have dined at least two or three hours before performing, they all, being with Miss DAMIAN, sing with GRACE—after-dinner. Everything very perfect. Miss BELLE COLE,—Princess COLE, daughter, I suppose, of the ancient highly popular Monarch, who was, as everyone knows, so fond of music with his own chamber-trio of strings,—well, Miss BELLE COLE, not quite up to the high level of the others. But consider the weather!

And she being a COLE that can sing, might only have required a little Coke-sing to come out all right. Her chest-notes were forcible, but not too forcible, by comparison with the locality, which, if her notes were chest, was, it must be remembered, Chester. Altogether satisfactory, except to Canon BLENCOWE, who, we are informed, objected to patronise the sacred musical performance in the Cathedral. Well, he didn't come; and, if so, he acted like an indifferent Canon,—went off, with a slight explosion perhaps, but hurting nobody. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN thought that this Canon might have been loaded with reproaches.

HONEST OPPOSITION.—That of Sir WILFRID LAWSON, and Teetotallers, to all "Imperial Measures." A great pint this.



'SHARP'S THE WORD'!

Wife. "POOR MAMMA IS DREADFULLY LOW-SPIRITED THIS MORNING, GEORGE. ONLY THINK—SHE HAS JUST EXPRESSED A WISH TO BE CREMATED!"

Husband (with alacrity). "'O'B-LESS MY—" (Throwing down his Newspaper.) "TELL HER TO PUT HER THINGS ON, DEAR! I'LL—I'LL DRIVE HER OVER AT ONCE!!"

## INTERVIEWING BY MACHINERY.

(By One who now knows How to do it.)

I HAD received an intimation from the conductor of a popular London paper that I was to be visited by one of his representatives, so I pulled myself together and looked up my note-books. I pondered for hours over my past life, and called to mind its most telling incidents. I arranged my house in the most artistic fashion, and awaited events rather anxiously. At the appointed time a lively young gentleman introduced himself.

"Now, my dear Sir," said he, "all I want you to do is to sit quietly and attend to me. You need not speak yourself. I am so accustomed to this sort of thing that I can save you all that trouble. Iron-grey hair—military moustache—about fifty. Think you are about fifty, and the colour of your hair is hereditary?"

I nodded.

"Quite so. Well, that will do for a start. I think you have been a soldier: had adventures of the usual kind in South Africa. Lived with the Boers and Afghans. Eaten half-raw mutton, and slept for nights in huts made of mud? Eh? That's it, isn't it?"

Again I bowed my head.

"Certainly," and he jotted down a few more lines in the note-book which he had taken from his pocket. "Literary man too. Written lots of books. Novels—romances. You start a plot by getting a central idea. Then you think it out. Then you find the proper sort of persons to carry out your notion. Put them down and give them names? Then think out your last incident. Get it and go backwards till you come to Chapter First. Then go to the seaside and think it over again—all of it. Then begin your work and finish it. Eh? That's the sort of thing, isn't it?"

Once more I silently acquiesced.

"Fancy too you were once a doctor. Laboured amongst the very poor. Heart crushed by the misery of the East End. Saw the usual characteristics of 'Horrible London.' Once visited a Chinese Opium den—heathen Chinese—old woman with a small pipe—aquid surroundings. Eh?" I made the same gesture as before.

"Just so. Then I think you have been fairly athletic. Were in your school Eleven and rowed in your College boat. Still have the bat, and took away the rudder. Got both of them hanging up in your study. Was rather fond of following the Thanet Harriers. Once caught by the tide at Herne Bay and (mounted) had to swim for your life. I think I am right—stop me if I am wrong."

I did not stop him.

"Live in this house. Usual sort of old-fashioned mansion. Brocade curtains, and dark-coloured wooden chests picked up in Brittany. Pictures of your father, mother, grandfather, and grandmother. Value them all. However set highest price on a small picture of himself, once given you by his Royal Highness. Fond of dogs—that black poodle can do some tricks. Like flowers in your garden; water them every day when your toil is done. Can play on the fiddle, and sometimes indulge in a game of whist at the Club. I think that is about all you have to tell me, except when you said good-bye you shook me warmly by the hand, and once more got back to the work my entrance had interrupted."

And before I could reply he had jumped up, rushed down my steps, taken a Hansom, and gone off to interview somebody else.

"PLAY UP! MUSIQUE!"—"It seems a pity," says Our Own Times Correspondent, writing from Berehaven during the Naval Manœuvres, "that bands should now be all but abolished. Rightly or wrongly, Lord Charles Beresford is credited with the change," &c. What! Lord CHARLES, a prominent supporter and member of the Organising Committee of the Italian Opera, "forbidding the bands"!! We cannot believe that Our CHARLEY can have been so misguided as to be out of harmony with popular sentiment. Let every ship be like the Old Lady of Banbury Cross, and have music wherever she goes, to cheer up our hearts of oak, and set the tars' toes going to the hornpipe.

SLIGHT CONFUSION.—"Very glad," observed Mrs. RAM, "to read that Mr. SANTLEY is back again. He's much better employed in singing, than in finding some Pasha or other in Egypt."



## ROBERT AT THE CRISTIAL PALLIS.

THANKS to the kindness of a friend of mine who is engaged there, I went last week with a horder to the Cristial Pallis, but after



gitting in without not paying nothink, I found to my grate astonishment, as I couldn't have a seat in the Theater on the same libberal terms, and on picking out a nice one rite in front, I was aeshally arsked no less than seven-and-six for it! Of coarse I wasn't a going for to pay sitch a sum as that jest to hear a Eycetalian Opera all about *Don Geewarni*—which I am told is short for Mr. JOHN—so, after a good deal of squabbling, he let me have one at the back for harf-a-crown.

Luckily for me, one of my old Copperashun patrons was there, and he came up with his usual good-natered smile and said, "I didn't kno, Mr. ROBERT, as you was a Etalien skollar; are you?" To which I replied, "Not a werry fast-rate one, I'm afraid, Sir; but I knos that *greesy* means a great singer, and that *alboney* means a werry stout lady." "Well," he said, larfing, "if that's all, praps you'd like me to sit by you, and tell you all about it?" "That I suttently shoold," says I, "if you'll be so kind." Witch he were.

Well, after all the fiddlers and trumpetters and the big drummer had played away a lot of rubbish, jest to git their hands in, up went the Curtain, and sure enuff there was a werry ansumly drest gennelman, whose name was *Leppereller*, and he began a singing, as I was told, all about what a noosance it were for him to be a dordling about out there in the cold while his Marster, *Mr. Geewarni*, was amusing of himself indores. Presently in comes his marster and a werry stout lady all in wite a dragging of each other about most horful, and then the Lady runs away, and in cums her father and tells *Mr. G.* as he ort to be ashamed of himself for to hact like that, upon witch he pulls out his sword and they fites, and *Mr. G.* kills the lady's father, bang on the floor, and then runs away. And that's the hend of the fust seen, witch didn't strike me as being werry moral, till arter I'd seen the next one, and then I didn't think so werry badly of it. In the second seen, in cums *Mr. G.* and his servant, *Mr. Leppereller*, a larfing, and a singing all about the fun they've jest had? when presently in comes one of *Mr. G.*'s old sweethearts, who gives it him pretty hot for leaving her as he had done, when he tells her as it's all rite, as his friend *Mr. L.* will xplain, but as he's got a werry perticklar engagement hisself, off he goes.

*Mr. L.* then percedes to xplain everythink to the pore Lady, and if it hadn't been as my Copperashun patron had told me what was coming, I never could have bleeved that any one gennelman could have behaved so shamefull, or that hundreds of most respectable ladies, old and yung, could have set and lissened to it all as cool as so many cucumbers! What a rewelashun!

*Mr. Leppereller* unfolds a long list about 10 foot long, which, he says, contanes the names of all his Master's sweethearts! and then he tells the pore Lady how many there are and where they all lived! So many in Itterly, so many in France, so many among the Turkeys, none, I'm proud to say, in England, but in Spain one thousand and three!! Glad I am as *Mrs. ROBERT* wasn't there to hear the shame-fool tail! But even that wasn't all, for that imperent servant goes on to xplain that there was among 'em Marshonesses and Countesses and Barrownesses and Citizenesses, and ewen Serwants, in fact, sum of all sorts and all sizes! I never could have bleeved it if I hadn't have herd it all with my own years, and my kind friend's together, and then off he runs, and ewerybody aeshally larft and clapped their ands!

In the next seen of this shameful hoperer there is a pore village gal a going to be married, and *Mr. Geewarni* aeshally tries to perswade her to go with him to his carsel close by! But three ladies and gennemen, all dressed in black, faces and all, stops him jest in time, and gives it him pretty hot, and serve him rite, but he don't seem to care much about it, for in the next seen he and his imperent servant comes in larfing as usual, tho it is a churchyard, with only one toom in it, and that is the pore gennelman's as he killed in the werry fust seen, and it has on it a picter in stone of the dead old Gent a seated on his favrit horse. Well, drekly as *Mr. G.* sees it, he makes his pore servant harsk him to come and have supper with him that werry nite at 12 o'clock sharp, and he nods his stony head, and says as he will! No wonder as the pore servant was amost fritened to death, for it made ewen me quite start agane.

Well, the werry next seen shows *Mr. G.* at supper with sum of the most owdacious-looking ladies as I ever waited on, and they all drank away at reel Champagne, as I was hinformed as *Mr. ORGUSTUS ARRIS* was sitch a reel libberal Manager that he allers guv his people

reel suppers and reel wine, like a reel Gennelman as he is. Well, presently, as I sets here a riting, in comes the stony-looking *Statty* as was last seen on Horseback in the Churchyard, and sings out as he has cum to supper, as he's promised for to do. And then hout runs all the pore fritened ladies, tho I saw one on 'em as took good care to emty her glass fust, tho she was so terrible agitated. Then the *Statty* naterally harsks *Mr. G.* to shake hands with him, which he werry foolishly does, for of course it's so cold that when he's got a good hold of it he can't let it go agane till he falls down dead on the floor, and is ewen then so cold that his face is all blew! And then down came the Curtain, and it was all over, and we was all so pleased to see how werry properly *Mr. G.* was punished for his owdacious goings on, that we all clapped our hands and went home.

And if this is the sort of morality as is tort by all Etalian Operas, it will be a jolly long wile before I takes *Mrs. ROBERT* to see one, tho I must say that both me and my kind friend, and all the Gennemen, aye and a good menny of the Ladies too, all seemed to most thoroughly enjoy it, and my kind friend was good enuff to tell me, that tho we are no dowt the most morallest people in all the world when we understands all that's being said, when it's served up in a forren tung we can stand quite as much as most folks, and praps a little more.

ROBERT.

## RECENT SUMMERY PROCEEDINGS.

*In the Country (selon la Saison).*

How provoking that the Blue Hungarians should have thought that the weather would have stopped the garden-party, and that in

consequence only the ophicleide has come down from London.

I do not think, somehow, he is producing very much effect concealed among the palms in that conservatory.

Seeing that the rain is falling in torrents, it would certainly have been better to have postponed the performance of these pastoral players.

That dance of dripping wood nymphs would have been much more effective if it had been given without the aid of goloshes and umbrellas.



Fashions in the Present Rain.

Dear me! why here is the river that has overflowed its banks, come up in full flood to the drawing-room windows!

Surely that must be the peacock perched on that garden-seat floating away bottom upwards in the distance.

I am afraid that the poor Old Vicar with two feet of water running through his study must be feeling rather rheumatic.

Ha! there goes the whole hay-crop carried away over the lasher.

I wonder whether I could get any salmon-fishing in those cucumber frames.

If this weather continues, I really think a visit to town would be desirable.

See, here is the house-boat at the front door come to take us to the station.

NOTION FOR A JUVENILE DRAMATIC ART SCHOOL.—The excellence of *Mr. SAVILLE CLARKE*'s charming *Tableaux Vivants* (at 3'30, Anglo-Danish Exhibition) should suggest the idea to some enthusiastic Comedian—[why not to *Mrs. KENDAL*, the clever trainer of the *Real Little Lord Fauntleroy*?]—of starting an Infant Dramatic School, as a real nursery for the Histrionic Art. The Fairy children here are delightful, all so pretty, and evidently such very Good Fairies. *Mr. CLARKE* only made one mistake, which hardly counts, and that was in representing the King as clothed. The whole point of *ANDERSEN*'s story is the child exclaiming, "Why, he has got on no clothes at all!" It was the Naked Truth v. Courtly Flattery and Falsehood. *Miss ANNIE DELATOUR*'s solo in the sixth *tableau* is well worth listening to; she is an invisible Fairy, as is *Miss THORNTON*, who also sings prettily during the next *tableau*. So the pupils could learn music as well as acting, and would be instructed in declamation by "The Orator," *Mr. GEORGE TEMPLE*, and enter themselves as "Students of the Temple."

RICHMOND PARK.—'Wantage Ground for Wolunteers.

## HOW TO GET OUT OF IT.

[Critic to Editor.—DEAR SIR,—You told me I "mustn't pitch into the new piece," which I certainly should have done but for your kindly instructions. I think I've managed the task rather neatly.—Yours, A. TRIMMER.]

\* As a model specimen of how to get out of saying that a piece is utter trash from beginning to end, we publish the accompanying in the interests of true Critical Art.—Ed.]

WE heartily congratulate Messrs. COLWYN MALAPROP and TIMOTHY GRAND on the triumphant success which attended the production of their new and original Melodrama at the Oracle Theatre yesterday evening. It is sure to run for at least five hundred nights, and at the end of that period no doubt the two playwrights, who work together so harmoniously, will have another piece ready to take its place. And when we say this, it must be clearly

understood that we do not pledge ourselves that this last arrived of our entertainments is either new or original. As a matter of fact we have seen everything contrived by our authors a score of times before, and are sick to death of forged bills, mislaid marriage certificates, and substituted children. We loathe deserted wives and sirenically influenced (if we may coin an epithet) husbands, and can see no fun in the low comedy of smashing a hand-box, or gentle satire in speaking disrespectfully of somebody's mother-in-law. But what of that, and what does it matter? Have not Messrs. MALAPROP and GRAND given us a good, healthy, honest, wholesome play, that will set the hearts of many a gallery boy (and, if it comes to that, of many a gallery lassie too) beating as hearts have ever beat since good old Father Adam walked through the Forest of Ardennes in the company of the melancholy Jacques? Ay, and it is so, and we heartily thank our authors for what they have done for us.

In these days of mock realism and sham sentiment, it is a good thing to find that men can speak out, as it were, straight from the elbow, as readily in the Theatre as in the Church. Not that there is any particularly noble language in the piece under review. On the contrary, the captious may think that *Mabel*, telling her best-loved child to steal a shilling, accidentally left on the mantelpiece, in order that she may pay the cabman "more than his full fare," open to question on the score of morality. But what of that? What does it matter? The Authors are not writing for sour-visaged Puritans, but for good, sound-hearted, round-faced, honest JOHN BULL, and his rosy-cheeked wife, and his giggling, girlish, and gentle-eyed daughters.

Again it may not be altogether true to nature to make Major-General Sir JOHN ABERCROMBY, K.C.B., dining at mess as the guest of Staff-Sergeant TOMKINS in full uniform after the inspection of the latter's regiment, but if there is to be no poetic licence, beer may as well be abandoned and skittles regarded as a game whose rules are lost for ever in the dim realms of a distant obscurity! For what do we go to a play-house? Assuredly not for SHAKESPEARE or the musical glasses, to say nothing of prunella! So long as the fare is sound at the core, what more can we want? And if the play of last night was not only improbable but impossible from the opening scene down to the end of the tag which was the signal for the lowering of the green baize curtain, surely the fact remains that the work was as sweet-scented as hay, and as homely as a bean feast or a barn-door fowl. Given this and what does the rest matter? As *Othello* observes, "Not a jot, not a jot!" And the swarthy Moor of Venice was right. The great master who "thought him out" in the little cottage in Stratford-on-Avon was never wiser, never sager, never freer from cant and nonsense than when he wrote "hold up the mirror to nature to show vice her own image and virtue the habit in which she lives," or words to like effect. Ah, "Sweet WILLIE" was indeed a judge of the frailties of poor humanity! He knew that the flats must be "joined," and the scenes painted with a ten-pound



brush. Rouge is a coarse pigment, but cheeks are pale without it under the fierce glare of the blue-hued lime-light! Again, the hypercritical may declare that acting is a lost art, and assuredly they would find some reason for their cross-grained assertion in the acting of last night. *Mr. Avenue* strutting the stage and appealing to the chandelier with outstretched arms is not exactly the sort of hero we find in a modern drawing-room, nor is pretty *Miss Haresfoot*, in white muslin in a snow-storm the ideal heroine of nineteenth century romance. But what of that—both the lady and the gentleman are prime favourites with the Pit, and if the dwellers in the Stalls slumber, why then let it be more to their shame than to their glory! Out upon the querulous questioners of the likely and the commonplace! What do we want with their hypochondriacal murmurings? So long as the play is pleasant to the palate and healthy to the understanding, we can do without the applause of the reviewers and the hearty enthusiasm of the burners of midnight oil.

In conclusion what could be better than the title of the drama? In selecting "*Six-foot Rule Britannia*," our authors have shown a discrimination far above all praise. That it has nothing whatever to do with the motive of the piece is a detail unworthy of criticism. No, let us rest and be thankful. Let the play of last night run a thousand nights—if possible longer. And when it becomes our pleasant duty to have to record its successor, may we be in a position to write a *critique* as valuable as that which with a hearty shake of the hand to all concerned—authors, actors, managers, and scene-painters—we now bring to a genial and welcome conclusion!

## THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

THE stern-faced resolute old man once more approached the Treasury. He had been there several times before, but on this occasion there was a new Messenger at the entrance, and consequently there was a chance of his gaining admittance. With some trepidation, he passed the porch unquestioned, and now he was on the road to the being of whom he was in quest.

"I shall see him," he murmured, "and prove to an unbelieving world that he is not a myth."

Almost with a smile on his pale harsh features, he knocked at a door and entered.

"No," said the clerk whom he had questioned; "you have come to the wrong place. All we have to do is to look after the Divorce Division. We represent the Queen's Proctor. If you want to intervene we will help you to do it, but we can't go further than that."

"But where shall I find him?" asked the distracted veteran.

"How should I know?" answered the official, testily; and he turned to some one else.

Disheartened but unconquered, the aged wanderer uttered a sigh and recommenced his search. He entered a second room and made his customary application.

"Now, really," said an official who was busily engaged in discussing a plate of sandwiches and a glass of sherry, "it is several degrees too bad to worry a fellow at his lunch!"

"Surely you can tell me the name of your chief?"

"The name of my chief is nothing to you," was the brusque reply, "but I can tell you his office. He is Solicitor to the Treasury."

Baffled once again, the wandering greybeard retired to the streets, and sitting down beside a lamp-post, uttered a series of piercing yells.

"This is disgraceful!" exclaimed a passer-by. "This man is a nuisance. Constable, arrest him!"

"Very sorry, Sir, but I have not the power," replied the policeman.

"Not have the power!" echoed the wrathful pavement promenade, and then he turned to the weeping white-head and observed to him, "I have half a mind to take you before the Public Prosecutor."

"Take me before the Public Prosecutor?" repeated the now radiant investigator. "Pray, pray do!"

"You would not like it!" was the stern commentary.

"Would not like it!" For a moment the ancient could not speak for emotion, and then he continued—"Why, it would realise the dream of my life! But if you do, you must be a cleverer man than I am, for I have been hunting for the Public Prosecutor for the last twenty years, without being able to find him."

"Not find him! Why here is his portrait!" And with this the good-natured passer-by presented the old man with the original picture, of which the sketch ornamenting this article is a rough, but not altogether unsuggestive copy!



Portrait of the Public Prosecutor.

ANOTHER "G. O. M." IN THE FIELD FOR GALLANT LITTLE WALLS.—"Mr. GER."





## CHARITY BAZAARS.

(Things one has to put up with, in a good cause.)

*The Lady Hildegard de Sangrazul. "WILL YOU TAKE A SHARE IN THE RAFFLE FOR THIS BEAUTIFUL VASE?"**Affable Stranger. "AH, MY DEAR, IF IT WAS ONLY YOU AS WAS GOING TO BE RAFFLED FOR, NOW, BLEST IF I WOULDN'T TAKE FORTY!"*

## HER MAJESTY'S SHIP "BLUNDERER."

*A Warning Dockyard Ditty, as Sung by Cheery Jack.*

D'YE want to know the trimmest craft that might have sailed from port,

When we went a manoeuvring, mates, in Eighteen-eighty-eight;—  
A regular tip-topper of Lord GEORGE'S special sort,

With every dodge aboard of her to bring her up to date?

Then listen as I tell ye first about her steady pace,

As proud she'd meet the Channel waves a slipping neatly under her

At near five knots an hour—not the speed to win a race?

May be; but that's the record of Her Majesty's ship *Blunderer*.

A record that, you'll say, my mates, it won't take much to beat,

P'raps not, and like enough it is to stir a landsman's mirth;

But still her pace is all that she can manage, and the fleet  
Take precious care, when out with her, to give her a wide berth.

For something in her steering-gear goes wrong, and then d'ye see

She runs foul of another craft, whose bulwarks straightway dashing in,

She, after heavy loss and damage finally gets free,  
Her own three starboard boats and all her gun-ports gaily

crashing in.

But, there, mates, they had built her five-and-twenty years ago;

So first they let her out a bit, and then they took her in,  
And cut her down, and patched her up, and made a sort of show

Of giving her another inch or two of iron skin.

And so, mates, taking stock of all her points both fore and aft, [her,  
Although, d'ye see, it may be that you mightn't have a doubt of

It's possible while thinking her a tidy sort of craft,

That on the whole, if going a cruise, you'd just as soon be out of her.

So, if her boilers prime a trifle, mates, why, what's the odds,  
Beos her engines and all that was put in second-hand;And if her steam-pipe's leaky, and she busts her piston-rods,—  
Well, that's the sort of thing, d'ye see, Lord GEORGE can under-stand.  
And if it comes to firing of her guns: then you may swear  
Each un'll start her breech and rings, and blow her blessed muzzleout;  
'Tain't much. But going aboard of her? It ain't that I don't dare;  
But what's the use? And that's the question, mates, I tries to

puzzle out!

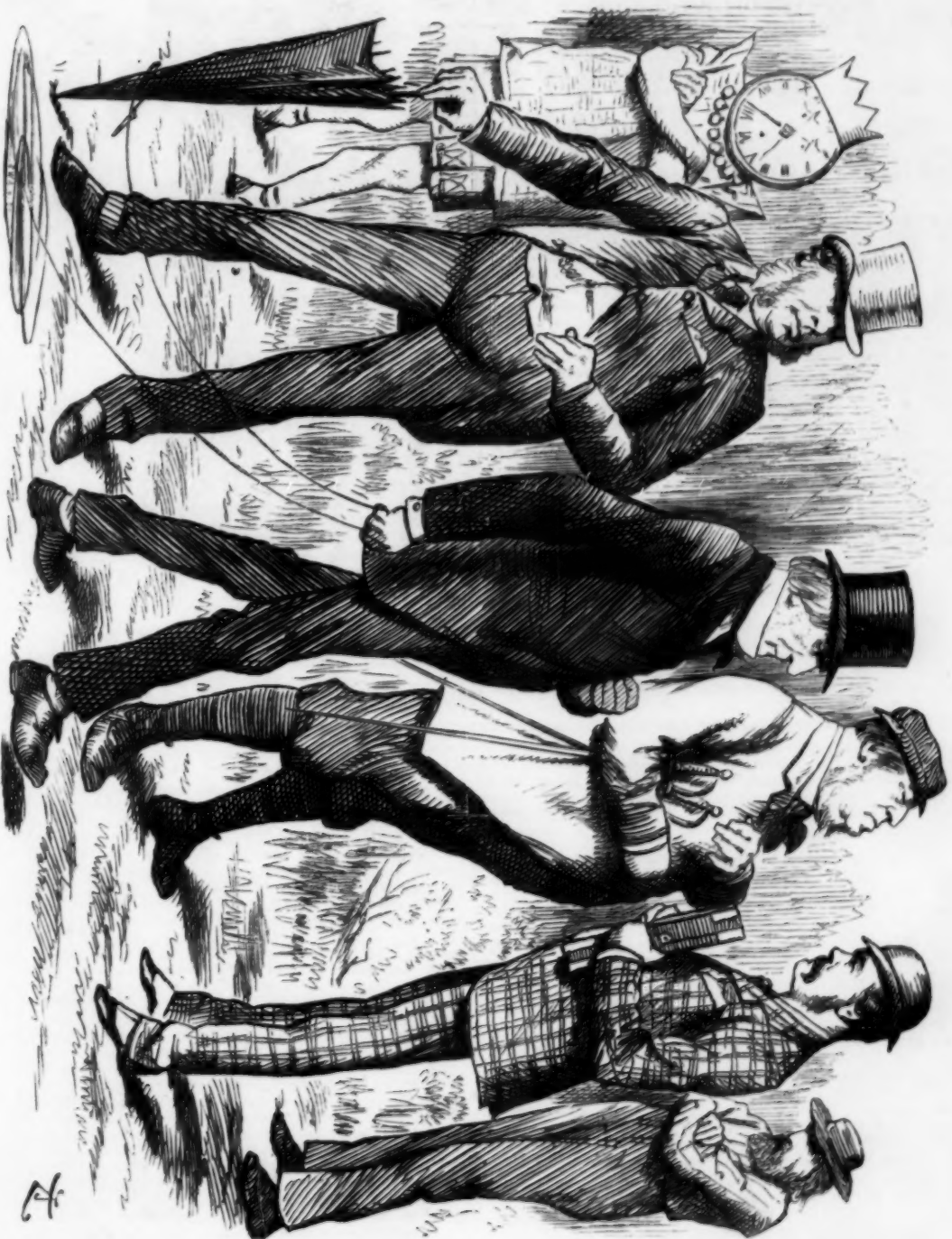
## MORAL.

So when these here manoeuvres is all finished up and done,  
And Admirals and Captains stop their little larking fight,  
And the chaps who write for papers have helped to make the fun,  
And talked big of the "Enemy," who never came in sight,  
It may be that "My Lords," when taking stock of recent slips,  
In duty to BRITANNIA, since they take service under her,  
May manage just to wipe out from their coming list of ships,  
Such a racy roaring craft as Her Majesty's ship *Blunderer*."DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED."—All good men, and true friends of  
Ireland, hope that the Irish leaders, by entirely clearing themselves  
from all suspicion of complicity with crime, will prove that they are  
members of an honest National, and not Assassins-National League.THE first person (singular!) to hear of Mr. O'KELLY'S arrest was  
Mr. CHANCE. The Government, unable to give an answer when  
questioned, heard of it subsequently quite by CHANCE. What a  
lucky Chance!

PERPETUAL MOTION IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—"Move on!"



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—August 4, 1888.



## AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

(SETTLING THE DISTANCES.)







## OUR NATURAL ADVANTAGES.

M. le Comte (who has come to London for the Season of 1888). "AH BAH! YOU ARE AFRAID OF THE CHANNEL TUNEL! QUELLE BÊTISE! VY, IT IS NOT YOUR 'SILVARE STREAK' ZAT PROTECT YOU FROM ZE INVASION, MES AMIS! IT IS YOUR SACRED DOG OF A CLIMATE!"

## PLAY TIME.

THERE were to have been three *Dr. Jekylls* and *Mr. Hydels* in the field. One so far afield as the Croydon Theatre; at least, so said the *St. James's Gazette* young man last week. But in the meantime there have been injunctions and legal difficulties. Perhaps if the Law is satisfied there may yet be *The Strange Story* of Dr. BANDFIELD and Mr. MANSMANN, at the Lyceum Comique and Opera Lyceum. Regular muddle. It is long since the *Opéra Comique* had something in keeping with its title. The last time was when *Opéra Bouffe*, with full orchestra, was played there; now there's no *Opéra Bouffe*, but only a BAND-MANN.

One piece doing first-rate business in town just now is, I should say, Mr. PINERO's *Sweet Lavender*, at TERRY's Theatre. And deservedly so. Capital part for TERRY, who plays it admirably, though occasionally dropping into exaggeration of style which would be more suitable in burlesque. Mr. ALFRED BISHOP as the kind old Irish Doctor is a life-like portrait; and so too is Mr. BRANDRAM THOMAS's well made-up picture of the old remorseful Colonel, who has been a bit of a dog and a good deal of a snob in his younger days. Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON is the very ideal of the "lone and lorn one"—a still youthful *Mrs. Gummidge*—who lives to heap coals of fire on the head of her betrayer, or rather, to nurse him in his illness, and give him his gruel, which she does with a will, and gives it him hot. Miss MAUD MILLET presents us with a pleasant sketch of the fresh young English girl, capably contrasted with her second-class Yankee lover—for as she is not quite the typical aristocratic English girl, so he is not by any means a type of the superior American,—while her Aunt is represented by that clever actress Miss VICTOR as an amusing specimen of a good-natured, vain, underbred middle-aged woman.

The story—very interesting, and the plot well constructed, with one slight exception—seems to have been founded on the episode of *Pendennis* falling in love with *Fanny Bolton*, the daughter of a Temple porter. *Dick Phenyl* is a superior kind of *Eccles*; but all the same is a sketch from real life. Miss NORREYS as the heroine, is, of all *ingénues*, a great deal too ingenuous. She is THACKERAY's *Fanny Bolton*, only,—conscious of an audience. So simple and innocent does

## SONG ON SOUTH AFRICA.

THERE is USIBEFU, and there 's DINIZULU  
To be King of the Kaffirs pretending;  
And one more little war looms in prospect—what for?  
Lives and money the Government spending!  
USIBEFU, DINIZULU.  
Dusky antagonists, out upon you!  
And those pestilent Boers at our Colonists' doors  
Are preparing to level the rifle.  
If in conflict they close, we shall pay through the nose,  
At a cost like to prove not a trifle.  
USIBEFU, DINIZULU,  
What bothers and Boers! To be taxed for you two!

THE DESCENT OF MAN,—by Parachute, out of Balloon, on Saturday last,—when "Professor" BALDWIN accomplished the "sensation" of descending from a Balloon at the Alexandra Palace, when one thousand feet high, "with," to quote the words of the scientific person's Manager, "nothing but an umbrella to aid him in his descent." It is true that the "umbrella" looked uncommonly like an ordinary parachute, but for all that the leap seemed to be sufficiently dangerous to please the Many-headed. The "Professor" (it would be interesting to identify his University—did he graduate in Skye?) claims to "drop from the clouds with ease, grace, and rapidity." No doubt at all times he will be able to insure the third characteristic of his flight. On Saturday he apparently lost his balloon, but he did not lose his life. It is to be hoped that he never will, although precedent is against him. In the event of his getting some day a drop too much, or rather too many, it will be important to learn whether the coroner's jury will bring in a verdict of misadventure, suicide, or murder. In the event of the latter, the Authorities, who could have prevented the accident but would not, may, perhaps, figure as accessories before the fact!

LAMBETH CONFERENCE.—The Lawn-meets for the English and Colonial Bishops were so frequent, that Bishops in *partibus* will now be known as Bishops in *garden-partibus*. (N.B.—Especially when one omnibus took fourteen Colonials to one of these *al fresco* entertainments.)

she strive her best to appear, that, not knowing the story, I began to think she was a consummate little hypocrite, and that in the Second Act we should find she had been playing *Sainte Nitouche*, and should probably see her enjoying a champagne supper after the manner of the "pretty little souls" in *The Pink Dominoes* and other kindred pieces. By straining to emphasize her "*Sancta Simplicitas*," she suggests the idea of such "an artless thing" as was *Miss Becky Sharp* on quitting school. The play, generally, suggests THACKERAY Theatricalised. The lover is uninteresting—lovers mostly are—and Mr. PINERO delights in making this commonplace young man, who is very much in love, drop into sham poetry, and talking to *Dick Phenyl*—of all persons!—about "every beat of his heart saying Lavender"—"every newspaper-boy crying Lavender," &c., &c., and all that sort of thing, which no young man in real life, unless he were an affected, æsthetic nincompoop, would ever dream of saying. When TOM ROBERTSON gave us modern lovers on the stage he knew how valuable was the eloquence of silence, and how natural it was for an ordinary Society young man when deeply in love to be uncommonly taciturn. But Mr. PINERO wants this sort of character to talk, and to talk a sort of TENNYSON-and-water,—weak "T" in fact.

These are trifles. The audience takes it for granted that lovers will talk nonsense, and though they do have their doubts as to the genuine simplicity of *Sweet Lavender* herself, and do not look forward hopefully to the future domestic happiness of her husband, yet on the whole they are thoroughly interested and return home perfectly satisfied with having passed an exceptionally pleasant evening.

## Obvious.

WE must get JOHN BULL's business out of this kink,  
Officialdom's credit must soon be restored;  
Or in Civil corruption the country will sink,  
And national honour will "go by the Board."

APPROPRIATE DATE FOR THAT BLESSING IN THE GUISE OF AN AUTUMN SESSION.—The Fifth of November.

## FANCY PORTRAITS.



## "GROCERIES."

"The Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., and Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., were admitted to the Freedom of the Grocers' Company, Wednesday, July 25th."

## A SONG OF WILLOW.

(Made at Lord's in the miserable two-hours' interval between two tremendous Thunder-showers in the horrid Season of '88.)

SING, "Willow"? Ay! But who may wield

The willow bat this wild, wet season,  
When, a sheer swamp, the cricket-field  
Is only fit to shake and sneeze on?  
When smartest "fielders" flop and plunge,  
When pluvial down-pour scarcely ceases;  
When balls are pap, and pads are sponge,  
And "creases" simply water-creases?  
Say who can cut, or drive, or slog,  
On black and bladeless mud-morasses?  
Or bowl on wickets like a bog  
That has been trampled by wild asses?  
Not GRACE himself nor WALTER READ,  
The sodden lead-like lump of leather  
May urge across a miry mead

After a week of such June weather.  
What chance, when "turf" means sticky  
slime

Even for A. G. STEEL or LOHMANN?  
How should "the Champion" place or time  
With Jupiter Pluvius for foe-man?  
Slow wickets help the bowler? Yes!  
But love mud-swamps? No, that's an error.  
There may be too much muck and mess  
E'en for "the Tempter" or "the Terror."  
For topping score or brilliant catch,  
So bad a time I never saw, Sir;  
Fancy the Oxford-Cambridge match  
Running four days, and then a draw, Sir!

We seek the field to funk and freeze,  
Oh, happy SHREWSBURY, STODDART lucky,  
To be at the Antipodes  
Away from quagmires cold and mucky!  
This is no time for tent and sward,  
But warm fire-side or cosy pillow.  
Sing Willow? Bah! the cheeriest bard  
Could only sing the Weeping Willow!

ECCLESIASTICAL ART.—An appropriate exhibition that the Archbishop of CANTERBURY ought to have sent or taken his clerical guests to see, was the pictures of PARSONS and ABBEY. Too late now, as last week was the last week of the show.

## YANKEE DOODLE IN A NEW CHARACTER.

"M. ALBERT WOLFF, of the *Figaro*, bewails in his last *chronique* the number of masterpieces of modern French Art which have been spirited across the ocean by the magic of the American dollar, and irretrievably lost to the country."—*St. James's Gazette*.

YANKEE DOODLE comes to town,  
And you may bet a "pony"  
He's game to plunk his dollars down  
For MILLET or MORONI.  
YANKEE DOODLE buys up Art  
As though 'twere cheap as candy;  
But though the *dilletanti* smart,  
The dollars come in handy.

YANKEE DOODLE all our best  
In Art and Books will collar,

Our Masterpieces lures out West  
By the Almighty Dollar.  
The picture-dealers gladly part,  
The publishers say thankee!  
Only poor friends of native Art  
Cuss "that confounded Yankee!"

YANKEE DOODLE cannot paint  
(So run the critics' strictures)  
But—'tis enough to vex a saint!  
He buys up our best pictures.  
When twenty-thousand pounds he'll "part,"  
(Like Boston's rich ROCKFELLER),  
For an immortal work of Art,  
'Tis like to find a seller.

YANKEE DOODLE he strikes oil,  
And then all Europe's galleries  
The millionaire proceeds to spoil  
Despite our groans and raileries,  
Well, Yankee Plutus has the pelf—  
He makes "collections,"—swell them!—  
One day he'll paint big things himself,  
And then he'll want to sell them!"

## THE GREAT ADVENTURER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THIS is what has happened. She and I are really seriously attached to each other. She would make an adorable wife, and I'm sure I'm designed for domestic happiness, as I'm always falling in love, which is quite beastly. It keeps me continually miserable: first, when the girls don't care for me, and secondly, when they do. BOGIE (I call her BOGIE because she has such beautiful red hair) is a perfect girl, and we should certainly be very happy, but when, in the most gentlemanly way, I told her father about it, he asked me a lot of impertinent questions about my income, which was really in the worst possible taste, as he knows very well that I haven't any. However, I've written a poem, which, if not entirely original, is adapted to circumstances with some skill, and I think you will own that, even if it doesn't scan, it is quite true.

The people who review books are always asking Why are there so many Minor Poets? I can tell them one reason. It's because there are so many sordid fathers of the only girl a fellow ever really loves. He hinted something about an adventurer—like a man in a farce at a *Matinée*—so I call my poem, *Love the Adventurer* (only, unfortunately, he doesn't). Here, however, is the effort:—

## LOVE THE ADVENTURER.

When Love seeks a business-man's daughter,  
His hopes he will dash  
By asking how he means to support her  
Without any cash:  
The hat that is sat on  
You may have it blocked next day,  
But when the old man tries that on  
Love must get out of the way.

You may warble love-songs in an agreeable baritone,

You may wear small gloves of a mild canary—  
You may write for the papers, [tone]  
Or have evolved the plot of a really new and original play;

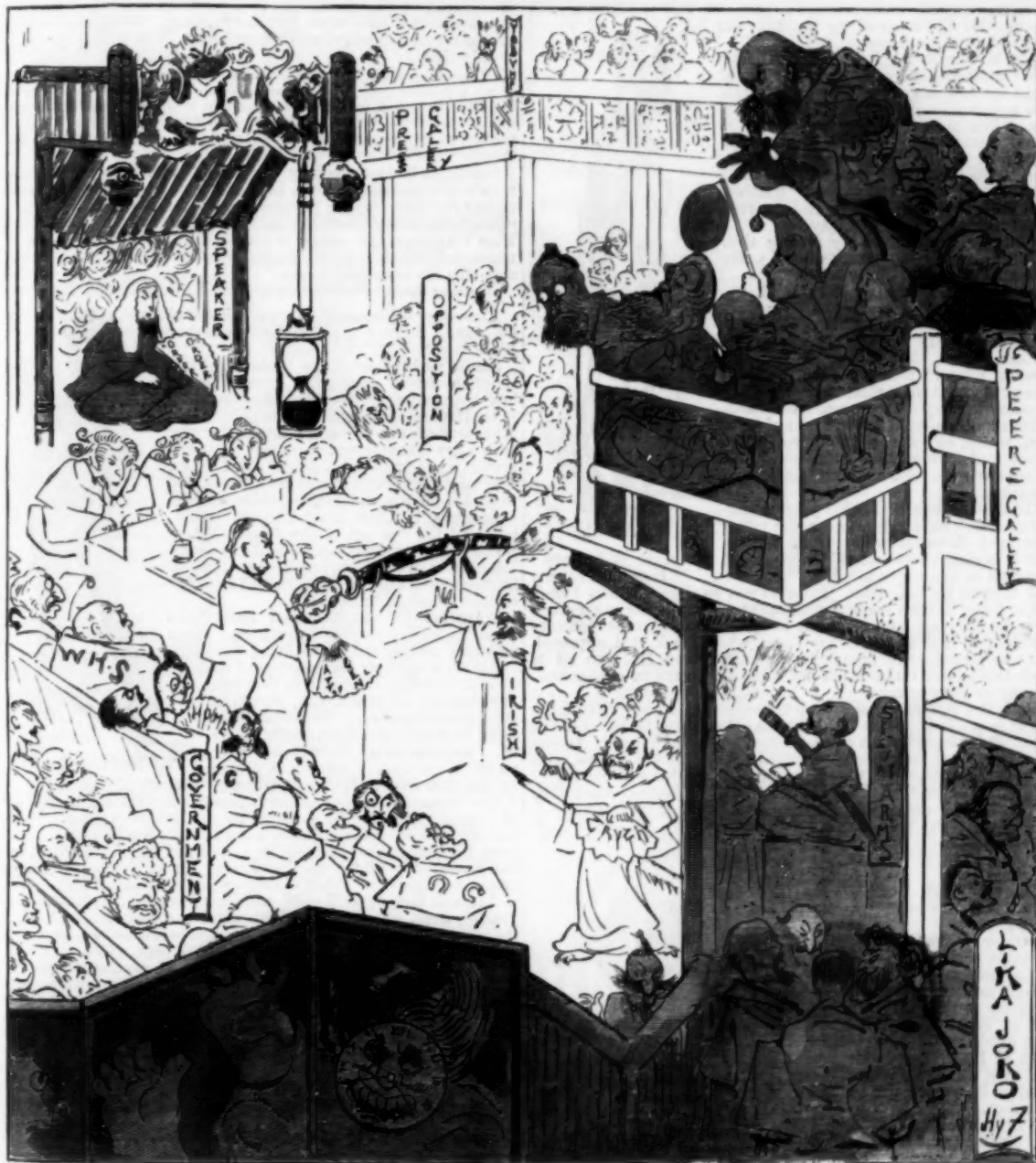
But you'll only lose love's labours;  
You can't make him see things your way.

You may train the eagle  
To stoop to your fist;  
(Though it's quite another thing to inveigle  
The creature to desist.)  
You may move (with a crowbar)  
The Lioness to give o'er her prey;  
But there is really no bar  
To the inquisitiveness of a proposed Father-in-law, in the matter of prospects and pay.

Yours, in depressed circumstances,  
LOVELACE LACKLAND.



OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 9.



AT THE "TIMES v. CRIMES" DEBATE IN THE COMMONS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 23.—SIR PARNELL with sword drawn, walking about Lobby, waiting for OLD MORALITY. OLD MORALITY, longing to be at 'em, foregone his dinner rather than miss opportunity of pinking Sir PARNELL. Second Reading of Commission Bill expected on any moment. Opening first made for Debate on affairs in Zululand. Last week, Opposition trembling

with indignation because opportunity for discussing ZIBEPU v. DINIZULU refused. Got it now, and all charm vanished. House nearly empty; Debate flickering out; likely to lapse before dinner-hour. So SIR PARNELL paces the Lobby, his sword more than ever drawn; OLD MORALITY sits on Front Bench, and wonders what they're having for dinner at Grosvenor Place; GLADSTONE hurries back after what must have been a Barmecide feast; names of ZIBEPU and DINIZULU float through hazy atmosphere; everyone thinking of matters nearer home.

Zulu Debate dies out. OLD MORALITY moves Second Reading of Parnell Commission Bill. Same old speech. Desire to consult the

best interest of Members, and welfare of the country; deeply regretted and deplored; did not desire to utter a single expression; trusted and believed; command full confidence and esteem; the advantage of the country; the convenience of the House.

OLD MORALITY sat down, suffused with moral rectitude, and wondering whether he might not now slip out to dinner. PARNELL, pale and passionate, rushed straight upon him, "like BOULANGER upon FLOCKY," as JOSEPH GILLIS said. Maintained himself at white heat of passion through long speech; occasionally turned aside from OLD MORALITY to ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Irish Members cheered every thrust; save for Irish quarter, House still comparatively empty.

"All of them comfortably getting their dinner," said OLD MORALITY with a weary sigh, glancing round empty benches.

After dinner House rapidly filled up. Eleven o'clock not a seat to be had; side-galleries crowded; Peers' Gallery thronged; CHARLES RUSSELL thumping away at his learned friend the HOME SECRETARY; EDWARD CLARKE followed on other side; Sage of Queen Anne's Gate said what was necessary to carry debate over. A curious, awkward, ill-managed arrangement of business, which served nobody's purpose and necessitated appropriation of another night.

*Business done.*—Parnell Commission Bill discussed.

*Tuesday.*—Black Rod at his jokes again. Funny at first, but a trifle monotonous; rather palls upon House towards end of Session. Joke is to hang about door till Commons get into thick of business; then send in doorkeeper to bellow "Black Rod!" Began the Session with tripping up a Minister. Fastened now on Sage of Queen Anne's Gate. Came in upon him the other night when putting a question. To-night Sage just launched forth in his indictment of ATTORNEY-GENERAL re O'DONNELL *versus Times*, when Black Rod appeared. Business peremptorily interrupted; SPEAKER and Mace go off to Lords to see LORD CHANCELLOR and other old women in cloaks bow-wowing on Woolsock.

Black Rod introduced new piece of business to-night. Sent doorkeeper in to bawl "Black Rod!" just as House was loudly cheering Sage. Doorkeeper's shout consequently drowned in uproar. Nobody heard it. Black Rod entered practically unannounced. Sage, with his back to the door didn't see him enter. Proceeded with remarks.

"Order! order!" cried the SPEAKER, who had spotted Black Rod. "Well, Sir," said Sage, apologetically, "I was only desiring to point out—"

"Order! order!" shouted the SPEAKER.

"Certainly, Sir, I will bow to your decision, though I really don't know—"

"Order! order!" roared the SPEAKER, with his eye on Black Rod advancing towards the table.

Sage, looking round in bewilderment, at this fresh exhibition of SPEAKER's interference with freedom of speech, caught sight of Black Rod. His jaw fell, eyes assumed glassy stare, dropped into seat as if he had been shot.

"Life would be endurable only for its Peers," he said, when he recovered presence of mind. "The Lords pursue me even in the House of Commons."

"Curious thing," said Black Rod, winking at Sergeant-at-Arms, as they crossed the Lobby in procession. "Always find LARRY on his feet when I chance to look in at Commons."

Parnell Commission Bill debated CHAMBERLAIN, not often heard now, arrived just in time to speak. A model speech, full of point through its forty minutes, saying exactly what he had at heart in clearest phrase, and with irresistible force. Whether one agrees with him or not, an intellectual delight to listen. Incomparably the



Sir Parnell.



Just in Time.

best debater in House. Not an orator like GLADSTONE, but still unapproachable as a debater. Fancy CHAMBERLAIN profits by recent infrequency of his speeches in House. Have time and opportunity to compare him with more familiar speakers. Remember what he said in far off June days at Birmingham? Was it fifty years ago, or only three?—

"I sometimes think that great men are like great mountains, and that we do not appreciate their magnitude while we are still close to them. You have to go to a distance to see which peak it is that towers above its fellows; and it may be that we shall have to put between us and Mr. GLADSTONE a space of time before we shall know how much greater he has been than any of his competitors for fame and power."

Similarly, but not precisely, the conditions under which CHAMBERLAIN now occasionally speaks in House give opportunity for appreciating his quite unique position as a debater. All night long, all through the weary week, men make speeches round about a subject. Then CHAMBERLAIN comes in and talks. As PLUNKET says, "A wonderful difference between a man who has a speech to make, and a man who has something to say."

*Business done.*—Parnell Commission Bill read Second Time.

*Thursday.*—"Demme!" says Markiss o' GRANBY, "BUXTON's put spoke in wheel of Black Rod."

Simile perhaps not quite perfect, but description fairly accurate. BUXTON asked how long we're to have Black Rod bursting in on House like a venerable catapult? OLD MORALITY says he's been talking matter over with LORD CHANCELLOR. Arranged that suggestion made by his Hon. Friend TONY, M.P., a fortnight ago, shall be adopted. Black Rod to do his bursting in before public business commences in Commons. This, of course, takes all the fun out of the thing. Not be worth while turning up now if he can't interrupt a Minister answering question, or intercept the storied wisdom distilled from lips of Sage of Queen Anne's Gate.

"Another of our treasured institutions gone," says CAVENDISH BENTINCK. "Soon will have nothing left worth living for."

BALFOUR had four bad quarters of an hour at Question Time. Irish Members bubbling up all round him, snapping out interrogatories. BALFOUR took them all round—one down another come on. Imperturbable throughout, only an added hardness of manner, a degree or two more frost in his tones, indicating severity of contest.

OLD MORALITY announced arrangements for winding up first part of Session. Expects House to be up on 11th of August. To that end proposes programme which, if carried out, would keep House at work till Christmas. Programme in point of magnitude much more like Queen's Speech on opening Parliament in February than suggestions of Leader of House closing up tracks at end of July.

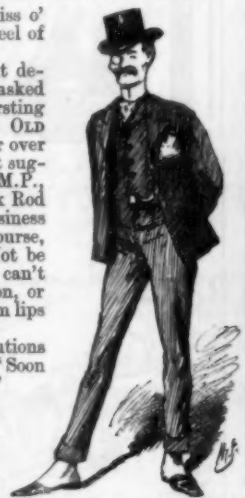
"It's all right, you'll see," said OLD MORALITY. "Remember in younger days, when I was still attendant at a seminary, we used, for the perfection of our style of calligraphy, carefully to copy out remarks lithographed at the top of a ruled page. One of these, I remember, ran to the effect, *Throw plenty of mud, and some of it will, in all human probability, adhere.* That's the principle upon which, animated as I am by a desire to meet the convenience of Hon. Members, and conserve the interests of the public service, I lay before the House this somewhat extended programme. We shall not get through with it all; but we shall emerge having achieved more than if we essayed to do less. In other words, as we used to write in the days already alluded to, *If you aim at the stars, you may succeed in sending a stone through the windows of the second-pair back.*"

*Business done.*—Report Stage of the Local Government Bill.

*Friday.*—Local Government Bill through final stage in Commons. Four Peers, representing Upper House, playing whist since Seven o'clock, waiting for Bill. Stout and long pipes supplied out of Civil Service Estimates. Half-an-hour after midnight word came Bill was through Commons, and compliments going on all round. Four Peers put away cards, finished stout, presented attendants with broken pipes, and marched into Lords. One took a seat in front of Woolsock, and presided, three others spread themselves as much as possible about Chamber, and formed a House. Bill, solemnly brought in, ordered to be read a First Time. House adjourned.

"Have another rubber?" said Noble Lord, who had presided. "Think not. Getting late. Besides, we have finished the stout." So they went home.

*Business done.*—Local Government Bill read Third Time in Commons, and First Time in Lords.



The Markiss o' Granby.



**CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY**  
**SIX PRIZE MEDALS FOR**  
**IRISH WHISKY.** First Prize Medal,  
 Philadelphia, 1876; Gold Medal, Paris, 1879;  
 First Prize Medal, Sydney, 1879; Three Prize  
 Medals, Cork, 1882.  
**"VERY fine, full flavor and**  
**Good Spirit."**—Jury's Award, Philadelphia  
 Centennial Exhibition, 1876.  
**"UNQUESTIONABLY as fine**  
 a specimen as one could wish to see."  
 —Jury's Award, Cork Exhibition, 1882.  
**THIS FINE OLD IRISH**  
 WHISKY may be had of the principal Wine  
 and Spirit Dealers, and is supplied to whole-  
 sale merchants in casks and cases by  
**CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY**  
 LIMITED, MOLLISSON'S ISLAND, CORK.

**GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1875.**  
**KINAHAN'S**  
**LL**  
**WHISKY.**  
 PURE, MILD, AND  
 MELLOW  
 DELICIOUS AND  
 MOST  
 WHOLESOME.  
 THE PRIZE MEDAL, DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1865.  
 9, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.

**J. EXSHAW & CO.'S**  
**FINEST OLD BRANDY.**  
 One per doz. in Cases imported.  
 T. W. STAPLETON & Co., 208, Regent Street, W.

**UMBRELLAS.**



**S. FOX & CO. LIMITED**  
 SEE THIS NAME IS ON  
 EVERY UMBRELLA FRAME YOU BUY  
**S. FOX & CO. LIMITED**  
 PATENTEE & SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF ALL  
 THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS IN UMBRELLA FRAMES  
 PARAGON TRADE MARKS

**SAMUEL FOX & CO., Limited,** have  
 added to their celebrated frames decided  
 improvements (protected by Letters Patent),  
 which give increased Stability and greater  
 elasticity to the Umbrella.

**SAMUEL FOX & CO., Limited,** manu-  
 facture the Steel specially for all their  
 frames, and are thus able to provide  
 exceptional quality at a merely nominal  
 cost over inferior makes.

**TIDMAN'S SEA SALT.**  
 Patronised by the Royal Family.  
**TIDMAN'S SEA SALT.**  
 Analysed and approved by Dr. Hassall.  
**TIDMAN'S SEA SALT.**  
 Constantly recommended by Medical Men.  
**TIDMAN'S SEA SALT.**  
 Has given Strength and Vigour to Millions.  
 Beware of Imitations. Every Genuine Package bears  
 Tidman's name and Trade Mark.

**USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.**

**THE BEST**  
**FOOD**  
**FOR**  
**INFANTS.**

In Tins, 1s., 2s., 5s. and 10s. each.  
**SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON,**  
 AND SOLD EVERYWHERE.

**PETER F. HEERING'S**  
**COPENHAGEN**  
**GOLD MEDAL**  
**CHERRY BRANDY**  
 ESTABLISHED 1818

**ESTABLISHED 1825.**  
**NEAVE'S FOOD**  
**BEST AND CHEAPEST.**  
**FOR INFANTS,**  
**INVALIDS,**  
**AND THE AGED.**



**LOHSE'S**  
**(MAIGLÖCKCHEN)**  
**LILY**  
**OF THE**  
**VALLEY**  
**PERFUME**  
 is the most fashionable of the day,  
 and by all high class Perfumers.  
**GUSTAV LOHSE, BERLIN.**

**THE "PREMIER"**  
**RAZOR STROPPING MACHINE**



Every Machine Guaranteed.  
 "Tested in every way, on razors keen and razors  
 blunt, the machine is perfection. There is no  
 trouble, science, or skill involved in its use. You  
 merely fix your razor in the holder, edge down-  
 wards, turn a handle slowly for a few seconds, and  
 behold the weapon is as keen—well, let us say, as a  
 razor should be."—Extract of Testimonial.  
**J. GORDON, Winchester House, Old Broad**  
**Street, London, E.C.**

**NEEDLES! NEEDLES! NEEDLES!**  
**MILWARDS' CALYX-EYED**  
**KRATZ PATENT.**


Requires no Threading, i.e., Thread without Threading,  
 and are delightful to work with. MILWARDS' **Calyx-Eyed**  
 Standard Makes of Ordinary Needles are MILWARDS' **Calyx-Eyed**  
 "Needle Cases" "Needle Cases," "Needle Cases" "Needle Cases"  
**PACKET CUTTER BRAND.** Sample Packets Free.  
**WASHFORD MILLS, MEDDITCH.**

**LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.**  
 In consequence of Imitations of  
**LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE,**  
 which are calculated to deceive the Public,  
 Lea & Perrins beg to draw attention to the fact that  
 each bottle of the Original and Genuine  
**WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE**  
 bears their signature, thus—  
*Lea & Perrins*  
 •• Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester,  
 Gloucester & Blackwell, London; and Export Oilmen  
 generally.  
 Retail by Dealers in Groceries throughout the World.

**GOLDEN HAIR—ROBARE'S AUREOLINE**  
 produces the beautiful Golden Colour so much  
 admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price  
 1s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all principal Perfumers and  
 Chemists throughout the World. Agents, R. H. H. H.  
 & Sons, 31 and 33, Berners Street, London, W.

**FRY'S PURE**  
**CONCENTRATED**  
**SOLUBLE**  
**COCOA**  
**"I consider it a very rich delicious Cocoa."**—W. E. R. STANLEY, M.D.  
**A LAXATIVE, REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE, VERY AGREEABLE TO TAKE.**  
**FOR**  
**TAMAR**  
**CONSTIPATION,**  
 Hemorrhoids, Bile, Loss of Appetite,  
**INDIEN**  
 Gastric and Intestinal  
**GRILLON.**  
 troubles, Headache  
 arising from them.  
**E. GRILLON, 69, Queen Street, City, London.**  
**SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, 2s. 6d. a BOX.**

**RANSOMES'**




**LAWN MOWERS**  
**THE BEST in the WORLD.**  
**SILVER MEDALS**  
 Inventions Exhibition, 1885, Liverpool, 1886.  
 In all cases, to suit every requirement.  
**"NEW AUTOMATON," "NEW PARIS,"**  
**and NEW BANK CUTTER.**  
**"NEW AUTOMATON" GARDEN ROLLERS.**  
 All Machines sent on a Month's Free Trial.  
 Carriage Paid. Supplied by all Ironmongers.  
**RANSOMES, SIMS & JEFFERIES, Ld., Ipswich.**

**"SANITAS" DISINFECTANTS.**  
 In all cases of Fever, &c., apply to **THE SANITAS**  
**CO., Limited, Bethnal Green, London, E.**  
**HOW TO DISINFECT.**

**MAPPIN & WEBB'S**  
**SPOONS & FORKS**

**TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.**  
**HOW TO OPEN REMUNERATIVELY from any**  
 amount, however small or large. Illustrated  
 Catalogue (post free). **LESTER FRIDLANDER,**  
 1, Houndsditch, London. Established 30 years.



**GROSSMITH'S**  
**JAPANESE LOTUS**  
 The beautiful and distinctive  
 odour of the Japanese Lotus.  
**GROSSMITH, SON & CO., NEWGATE ST., LONDON.**

**NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER.**



For Twenty-Two Years  
 acknowledged to be  
 superior to all other  
 Hair Restorers. Most  
 efficient, harmless, and  
 permanent.  
**NUDA VERITAS** res-  
 stores grey or faded hair  
 to its original colour.  
**NUDA VERITAS** pre-  
 vents hair falling.  
**NUDA VERITAS** causes  
 growth on bald  
 spots.  
**NUDA VERITAS** is sold in cases at 10s. 6d. by  
 all Perfumers, Chemists, &c., from whom Circulars  
 may be had.  
 Agents: **R. H. H. H. & SONS, 31 and 33,**  
**BERNERS STREET, W., and 91-93, CITY ROAD, E.C.**  
**LONDON.**

**FOR YOU, FOR ME.**  
 If tired and the Legs ache at rising, Your System  
 is Weak; requires strengthening. A Second Tonic  
 will save an illness.

**QUININE**  
**PICK UP**  
**GIVES**

STRENGTH	ENERGY
HEALTH	LIFE

For  
**DEBILITY,**  
**NEURALGIA,**  
**WEAK**  
**NERVES,**  
**OVER WORK,**  
 It is  
 Matchless.  
 2s. 6d.  
 per bottle.  
**F. NEWBURY,**  
**LONDON.**

**BRILL'S**  
**SEA SALT.**  
 1d. per Bath.  
**BRACING AND REFRESHING,**  
**OF ALL CHEMISTS, &c.**

**THE SPECIFIC FOR NEURALGIA.**  
**Tonga**  
 "Tonga  
 maintains  
 its reputa-  
 tion in the  
 treatment  
 of Neural-  
 gic  
 LAMEN-  
 tation."  
 "Invaluable in Neuralgia."  
 "Has proved  
 effective in all those cases in which we have  
 prescribed it."—Medical Press.  
 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. Of all Chemists.

**ADAMS'S**  
**FURNITURE**  
**POLISH.**  
**THE OLDEST AND BEST.**  
 "The Queen" (the Lady's Newspaper) "feels no  
 hesitation in recommending it."  
 Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.  
 Manufactory—**VALLEY ROAD, SHEFFIELD.**

**HOWARD**  
**BEDFORD**  
**STRAW TRUSSERS.**

**NERVOUS DEPRESSION,**  
 Debility, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Torpid  
 Liver, Kidney Disorders, and every form of  
 weakness may be speedily cured by wearing  
**HARNESSE'S**  
**ELECTROPATHIC**  
**BELT.**



No Shock or Discomfort  
 whatever.  
 Thousands of Testimonials. Pamphlet and  
 Advice free. Call TO-DAY, if possible, or  
 write at once to **MR. C. H. HARNESSE,** Con-  
 sulting Electrician, Medical Battery Co., Ltd.,  
**52 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.**  
 CORNER OF RATHBONE PLACE.

**ASPINAL'S**  
**ENAMEL.**

"Heigh ho! the wind and the rain."—*Shakespeare*.

**SAVE 5/-** BY SENDING ONE HALFPENNY POST-CARD

With your Name and full Address to the

**BRADFORD MANUFACTURING CO.,**  
BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE,  
Who will forward an Illustrated Catalogue of their

**ULTIMUS SILK**

The "Ultimus" Umbrellas have more genuine improvements and long wearing qualities than any other Umbrellas in the World.

Ladies', 6s.,  
CARRIAGE PAID.  
Gentlemen's, 10s.,  
with hall-marked silver band.

**RAIN REPELLENT**

**UMBRELLAS**

40 Beautiful Handles to choose from. A GUARANTEE with each Umbrella. Money refunded, if not entirely to customer's satisfaction.

**BENEDICTIN'S ELIXIR DENTIFRICE**

LIQUID POWDER MASH

PREVENTS DECAY OF THE TEETH. PURITIES THE BREATH. Leaves the mouth in a state of delicious and durable freshness.

GOLD MEDAL—  
PARIS, BRUSSELS, LONDON, &c.

World-famed Preparations of the Reverend Benedictine Fathers of Souillac (Gironde). Elixirs: DENTIFRICE, 2s., 4s., 6d., and 1s.; TOOTH POWDER, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 4s. 6d.; TOOTH PASTE, 1s. 6d. and 2s.

Wholesale only, St. Paul's Street, London, W.

**SAMUEL BROTHERS.**

Boys' School Outfits.

"Eton" Suit.

Now, S. A. M. U. S. L. BROTHERS have ready for immediate use a very large assortment of Boys' and Young Men's Clothing. They will also be pleased to send, upon application, PATTERNS of Materials for the wear of Gentlemen, Boys, or Ladies, together with their new ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing about 300 Engravings. This furnishes details of the various departments, with Price Lists, &c. Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS' "Wear Reducing" Fabric Red, here especially adapted for Boys' and Young Men's Wear.

**SAMUEL BROTHERS,**  
MERCHANT TAILORS, OUTFITTERS, &c.,  
65 & 67, Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C.

**FLOR DE JAVA**

MILD INDIAN CIGARS

of an exquisitely choice flavour and delicate aroma.  
25s., 50s., and 10s. per Box of 100. Post Free samples, 4 and 6 for 1s. (14 stamps).

**BEWLEY & CO.,**  
49, Strand, and 143, Cheapside.  
(Agents for Great Britain.)

*Foreign Medicines*  
"Toilet Articles"  
**Roberts & Co.**  
Chemists, 5, Rue de la Paix, Paris  
Keep at their London House  
14, New Bond St. W.  
all French & Foreign  
Medicines &c

**BEETHAM'S**  
**Glycerine & Cucumber**

For PRESERVING THE COMPLEXION from the effects of the heat or the cold, this delightful preparation Has No Equal. It keeps the skin COOL, and REFRESHED in the hottest Weather. Prevents Freckles, Sunburn, etc., and renders the skin SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE. It is the MOST PERFECT and MILK for the skin ever produced, and Lady who values her COMPLEXION should ever be without it. BEWARE of Injurious Imitations. "Beetham's" is the only genuine. Bottles, 1s., 2s., 4s., and 6s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers.

Any size sent free for 2d. extra by the Sole Maker, M. BEETHAM and SON, CHEMISTS, CHRISTIANIA.

**GRAND HOTEL**  
TRAFALGAR SQUARE,  
LONDON, ENG.

TELEGRAMS: GRANDHOTEL LONDON

FINEST SITUATION.  
EVERY LUXURY AND COMFORT.  
MOST RECHERCHÉ CUISINE.  
VERY MODERATE TARIFF.

**BALL-POINTED PENS.**  
(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)  
As used by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

These Pens neither scratch nor spurt, but glide over the roughest paper. They hold more ink and last longer.

Six sorts, suitable for ledger, bold, rapid, or professional writing. Assorted Box of 12 Pens for 1s. 1d.; or with Ebony Anti-Rolling Penholder, for 1s. 6d.

Post Free of all Stationers, or  
**ORMISTON & GLASS, Edinburgh.**

**Dr. Ridge's Food.**

**CROSSTREE**  
Patent  
Adjusting  
**BRACE**

LIND AND WATER, June 2 says, "They are certainly the best and most comfortable we have ever worn. Possessing distinct advantages over all others. Invaluable to all who are to be after a long and weary day. Price from 1s. 6d., of all enterprising Dealers. Wholesale of the Grosvenor Co., &c., London. Laid down, E.C."

**OXFORD.—MITRE HOTEL.**  
ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL  
FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM

VERTICAL BRACE. DISCHARGE BRACE. ORDINARY AND PATENT BRACE.

SEVEN FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.  
HIGHEST AWARDS AT ALL INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

**THE CELEBRATED WOLFF VIOLINS.**

Best modern-made Violins. Grand tone, skilfully finished. Highly recommended by Senior Sarasate, Prof. Wilhelm, Sivori, Leonhard, Pollitzer, and many other great artists. Introduced in most of the European Conservatories and Orchestras. List of Testimonials and Prices post free at all Agents throughout the kingdom, and of

**W. KONIGSBERG & CO.,**  
1 & 2, CHISWELL STREET, LONDON, E.C.  
Genuine Old Italian Violins, from £10 and upwards.

**MCCALL'S**  
**PAYSANDU**  
**OX TONGUES.**

**SMOKE MASON'S "Golden Days"**

The Finest Cigarette Tobacco in the World  
Sold by Tobacconists in Packets only

**GEO. MASON & SON, CHESTERFIELD**

**SWIFT'S SPECIFIC**

Is entirely a Vegetable Preparation, containing no Mercury, Potash, Arsenic, or any poisonous substance, and cleanses the blood by forcing out the impurities through the pores of the skin. Hundreds of thousands of cases of Blood Diseases, Skin Diseases, and Mercurial Poisoning have been relieved by Swift's Specific.

Mrs. SARAH POWELL, 25, Russell Street, Hyde Road, West Gorton, Manchester, writes:—  
"I suffered for many years with Cancer on my leg, which came near putting me in the grave. I took Swift's Specific, and am now well—can walk and talk as well as any one. I owe everything to S.S.S. I am ready to answer all questions."

S.S.S.—Swift's Specific, sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Dealers. Price—Liquid, 4s. 6d. per bottle; Dry, 2s. 6d. per package, posted on receipt of above price. Send for Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases. Posted free.

**THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY,**  
25, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

**OLD VINTAGE PORTS.**  
1861, 1863, 1865, 1868, 1870, 1872, &c.  
GUARANTEED.

**S. JOHNSON & SONS,**  
WATKIN-DEAN, YORK. Est. A.D. 1799.

**VAN HOUTEN'S**  
**PURE SOLUBLE COCOA**

BEST & GOES FARTHEST.  
"It is admirable."—BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.